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PRACTICAL AIDS TO LITERATURE

Number One

IRVING'S SELECTIONS

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle

Arranged for School Use by
J. W. GRAHAM

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TWO SELECTIONS.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

AND

RIP VAN WINKLE

FROM SKETCH BOOK BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

WITH NOTES, QUESTIONS, SUGGESTIONS ON TEACHING, ETC., FOR SCHOOL USE, BY

J. W. GRAHAM

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS OF KINGS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

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PREFACE.

The object of this edition of Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle is to enable the busy teacher to teach these subjects thoroughly and with less time than heretofore; also to give the new teacher a definite idea of what should be required of a class.

The plan presented here is no experiment but has been in successful use in the schools of this (Kings) county for some time. It was not introduced into the schools in its present form but has grown from year to year until it has developed into the present plan, and is now in use by a number of successful teachers practically the same as here presented. It has not been the aim of this work to give a "New Plan" of teaching Literature, but rather to exemplify the daily work, from actual recitations, in the two subjects treated.

The compilers of this book are aware that many teachers of English insist that a piece of literature should not be "torn all to pieces" in the study of it, as the beauty and harmony are thereby destroyed. There may be some truth in this contention but certain it is that if questions, and many of them, are not asked the beauties will never be made clear to the *average* student, toward whom most of the teaching should be directed. There is no other way in which the average pupil can be made to get the thought of an author than by means of questions. Inasmuch as questions must be used, it has seemed wise to place in the book a carefully pre-

pared list, covering the entire work, which may be safely used by any teacher.

Thanks are due many teachers of this county for the use of their note-books so freely given.

J. W. GRAHAM.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The notes given at the bottom of the pages are intended simply to assist the pupil in reading the story somewhat intelligently and rapidly the first time. On the second reading the obscure passages and references should be more fully explained.

Have pupils read as many short biographies of Irving as possible. Urge them to find out all they can about his life and personal habits. Give plenty of composition work. Take recitation period occasionally for short compositions on the blackboard. Have these compositions criticised by members of the class before the close of the recitation. More original work can be obtained in this way than by giving a pupil several days in which to prepare a composition. The work, however, should not all be done in this manner. Longer compositions should be required regularly and more time should be given for the preparation of them.

The list of words given to be looked up in the dictionary may seem too full. If any pupil already knows the meaning of a given word, as used by the author, he should not be required to look up that word, but be sure that the meaning is thoroughly understood before excusing a pupil. Children as a rule are deficient in a knowledge of the exact meaning of words. A close study of Irving will do much to overcome this, as but few writers in the English language have equaled him in the facility of expression. When pupils first begin the study of Literature proper they should be taught the value of this nice discrimination in the use of words.

Teach the ordinary figures of speech, such as simile, hyperbole, etc., but do not overtax the pupils with them at this time.

It is not supposed that teachers will confine themselves to the questions given, nor that they will continue to use the same questions from year to year. This list is prepared to aid the busy teacher, and also as an index to the new teacher as to what proficiency should be required.

In the manner of conducting a recitation it is impossible to give any set rules which may be followed by all teachers. No

two teachers use the same method and no teacher follows exactly the same plan with any two consecutive classes. There are a few main points, however, which may be followed by all teachers. A few of the most general suggestions are offered.

When the work is assigned, it is a good plan to have the class understand that each pupil is to read the lesson aloud at least once before the recitation hour.

During the recitation have a pupil read a paragraph, or more if desired, and then close the book and give in his own language the principal thoughts of the part read. Vary the exercise occasionally by having one pupil read and another interpret. The teacher should guard against giving her own interpretation to a sentence and then leading the pupil, and herself, to think that it is the pupil's. Strange as it may seem, this is often done.

Insist on the pupil's forcing his mind to grasp, as nearly as possible, the full meaning of the author on the first reading. It should not be necessary to refer to the book in order to complete the interpretation of the longest paragraph.

At the beginning of the recitation it is well to ask a few pertinent questions on the previous work.

Whenever a paragraph having a peculiar charm is read have pupil find, if possible, what gives it the charm. Paragraphs 37, 39, and 56 in Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and 14 and 15 in Rip Van Winkle are particularly suited for this kind of work. These are not the only ones, nor necessarily the best ones, but are given simply as illustrations.

Have particularly pleasing passages memorized.

Have the pupils do but little paraphrasing. This work, when done at all, should be under the most careful supervision of the teacher.

The teacher should encourage the pupils to do most of the talking during recitation. It is easier, and more natural, for the teacher to do the talking herself, but it is not so profitable to the pupils.

When pupils have difficulty in explaining any particular passage it is usually better for the teacher to draw out the explanation by skilful questioning than to give it outright.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving was born in New York on April 3, 1783. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children—eight boys and three girls. While still a school-boy he was strongly tempted to run away from home and go to sea. In order to accustom himself to the hardships of sea-life he began eating salt pork and lying on the hard floor. He soon became tired of this practice and gave up all thoughts of going to sea.

Irving's first attempt at writing was a humorous verse on a larger playmate and a young girl acquaintance. The lines caused so much fun at the boy's expense that he became angry and gave Irving a sound whipping for writing them. This was not a very encouraging beginning, but Irving did not give up his writing. He had also become a great reader by this time, his favorite books being "Robinson Crusoe," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "The World Displayed."

At the age of seventeen Irving began the study of law, and continued in a half-hearted manner for several years, but did not accomplish anything as a lawyer. Even while pretending to practice law he put in the most of his time writing. On the failure of his brothers, with whom he was associated in business as a silent partner, he took up literature as a profession. The publication of "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," made him famous both at home and abroad. The noted English poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott, was greatly pleased with the work and did much toward making it popular. "The Sketch-Book," published in 1819–20, under the nom de plume of "Geoffrey Crayon," at once placed Irving in the front ranks of English writers, while "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," in 1828, firmly established the reputation already given him by "The Sketch-Book."

Irving possessed a happy disposition, as his writings truly indicate. He had rather more than his share of trouble, but through it all he never lost his sunny disposition nor permitted himself to brood over his misfortunes.

In 1835, Irving purchased a small estate of ten acres at Tarry Town. The house belonging to the estate was a small Dutch stone cottage, built by one of the Van Tassel family about one hundred years before. Irving remodeled and greatly enlarged the house and planted slips of ivy from Melrose Abbey. In after years the ivy completely covered the walls. Irving named the house "Wolfert's Roost," but it was afterward changed to "Sunnyside." Here Irving died suddenly of heart-failure on November 28, 1859. The funeral procession passed over the bridge which Irving had immortalized in "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and which was draped in black for the occasion.

It has well been said of him that "God doesn't send many such spirits into this world."

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."
—*Castle of Indolence.*

1. In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village

Diedrich Knickerbocker, (dīē′drĭck nĭck′ẽr bŏck′ẽr,) the pen name of Washington Irving, under which he wrote a burlesque history of New York. The name Knickerbocker originally meant the early Dutch settlers of New York, but now the term is applied to all persons living in that State. A person from New York is known as a "Knickerbocker."

Castle of Indolence, a poem written by James Thomson, the most popular poet in the English language before Scott and Byron.

tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

2. I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

3. From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place

1. **St. Nicholas,** one of the early bishops who was supposed to have unusual powers. But little is definitely known of him, and he is popular mainly through traditions. He is regarded in some countries as the especial patron of children. (See Columbian Cyclopedia, vol. 21.)

was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

4. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried

3. **Hendrick Hudson,** an early English explorer who made several unsuccessful attempts to find a northeast passage to India and China. Finding that impossible, he turned westward expecting to reach India in that direction, but was stopped by the American continent. On his last voyage he spent the winter in Hudson's Bay, (so named in his honor) and determined to continue his explorations in the spring. Food becoming scarce some of his sailors became impressed with the idea that Hudson intended to leave them behind, and so they determined to put him to death. They placed him, with his little son and a few faithful friends, in a small boat and set them adrift upon the bay. It has never been known how they perished, but no doubt they either died from starvation or were murdered by the Indians.

away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country-folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

5. Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

6. It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams and see apparitions.

7. I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud,

4. **Hessian Trooper,** a trooper belonging to a body of Hessian soldiers hired by England to fight the Americans during the Revolutionary War.

for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

8. In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his

8. **"Remote period."** Thirty years was considered a long time in the dull life of that neighborhood.

spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

9. His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out,—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

10. I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy

9. **Formidable Birch-Tree.** Formidable because the switches were tough and conveniently near the schoolhouse.

in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burthen off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

11. When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

12. That all this might not be too onerous on

11. **Comforts of the Cupboard.** Plenty of good things to eat.

the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

13. In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be

12. **Lorded it in his little empire.** Ichabod was very cross in the school-room, but was wonderfully gentle with the parents in order that he may always be welcome to their homes.

13. **Carried away the palm.** In his own opinion, Ichabod beat the minister singing.

legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

14. The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

15. From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local

13. **Legitimately descended, etc.** The quavers are "legitimately descended" because they still retain enough of Ichabod's nasal twang to be recognized at once as belonging to him.

15. **Half-itinerant life.** Ichabod moved from place to place in the neighborhood, and thus knew what each family was doing. He was, therefore, a local news-carrier, and was looked for much as we watch for the evening paper.

gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

16. He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination,—the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rus-

15. **Cotton Mather** (măth'er) was a very learned New England minister. He was born in Boston, Feb. 12, 1662. As a boy, he was unusually determined and broke himself from stammering by forcing himself to speak with great deliberation. He was a hard worker and wrote books in many languages. Like most people of his time he believed in witchcraft and wrote many thrilling tales about witches. He was honest in his belief and caused many innocent people to suffer through his unfortunate delusion.

tling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

17. Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

17. **Fearful pleasure.** "Fearful" because Ichabod knew that he must suffer on his homeward journey for the pleasure of telling ghost stories to the Dutch wives.

18. But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

19. All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

20. Among the musical disciples who assembled one

18. **Sheeted spectre.** Ghosts were supposed to come forth from the graveyard with shrouds or sheets wrapped around them.

evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

21. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes,—more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond

20. **Her vast expectations.** The large amount of property she expected to inherit on the death of her father.

20. **Saardam,** also spelled Zaandam. A town in North Holland, on the Zaan river.

of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldly porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart— sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then

21. **Alders,** slender, graceful trees resembling poplars.

21. **Flail,** an implement for threshing out grain by beating. It consists of two wooden bars joined loosely together so that one end may be used as a handle bar while the other serves as a swingle with which to strike the grain.

generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

22. The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon his sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and the juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

23. As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and

22. **In his devouring mind's eye, etc.** Ichabod was always looking for something good to eat, and his imagination instantly pictured the many good dishes which might be prepared from the various products of the Van Tassel farm.

shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

24. When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various-colored bird's-eggs were sus-

pended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

25. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined,—all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

26. Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt,

25. **Knight-errant.** A wandering knight of the middle ages who went forth in search of adventure, usually preferring to fight in defense of some lady's honor.

the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dextrous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking

26. **Blade,** a fast young man. Not a very complimentary term.

26. **Herculean frame,** having the frame of Hercules, a mythological hero of Greece. Hercules is regarded as the founder of the Olympian games. These games consisted of athletic sports, and were held every four years at Olympia.

26. **Tartar,** a fierce horseman of Central Asia.

26. **Don Cossacks,** a fierce and warlike people resembling Russians, and particularly noted as great horsemen.

about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Aye, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

27. This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

28. Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature: he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack,—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

29. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

29. **Achilles** (ā chĭl′lēs), the hero of Homer's Iliad. He was supposed to have been dipped into the river Styx by his mother, which rendered him invulnerable in all parts of the body except the heel. His mother held him by the heel while she dipped him into the water, and thus his heel did not get wet. In consequence of this, Achilles could be wounded in the heel the same as ordinary people, but the remainder of his body could not be injured.

30. I profess not to know how women's hearts are woed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter; for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

31. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore,—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf of his own school-house"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery

31. **Enter the lists, etc.** Knights of the middle ages would enter enclosed arenas, or lists, and fight by charging each other on horseback from opposite ends of the arena.

in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough-riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvey, so that the poor school-master began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

32. In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, pop-guns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with

32. **Tow-cloth**, a kind of cloth made from the coarsest part of flax or hemp.

one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door, with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

33. All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of

32. **Mercury**, the messenger of the gods, and is represented as wearing a close-fitting cap with wings attached to the sides. The Negro boy probably had the sides of his cap turned under in such a manner as to give it the appearance of wings.

32. **Mynheer.** A title used by the Dutch people the same as we use Mister. We would say "Mr. Van Tassel."

33. **A tall word** is here used to mean words of unusual length or use. Beyond the ordinary.

young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

34. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and metal in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

35. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows

34. **Ewe neck.** A thin, straight neck, without any arch to it.

stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

36. It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

37. The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb,

in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

38. As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat-fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

39. Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant

37. **Monteiro,** a cap, formerly worn by huntsmen, having a round crown with flaps. The word is not now in use.

38. **Slap-jacks,** flat batter cakes cooked over a griddle.

mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

40. It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

41. Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Dare-

40. **Herr Van Tassel.** Herr is a German title of address, equivalent to our English "Mister."

devil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

42. Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion,—not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet-cakes and short-cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies and pumpkin-pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches and pears and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

43. He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some

men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then he thought how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

44. Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

45. And now the sound of the music from the common room or hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

46. Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was

45. **Itinerant orchestra,** traveling musician.

the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous! The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

47. When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

48. This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction,

46. **St. Vitus** was baptized without the knowledge of his father, who became very angry on hearing of it. Everything possible was done to make the young man return to the pagan religion, but all in vain. As a last resort he was cast into prison. While the boy was still in prison his father looked through a chink in the wall and beheld his son dancing with seven beautiful angels. The sight so dazzled his father's eyes that he became blind, and was only restored to his sight through the intercession of St. Vitus, who became the patron Saint of dancers.

and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

49. There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breast-work, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge, and there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

50. But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have

48. **Cow-boys.** At that time used to denote marauding bands of men who professed to support the cause of England in the Revolutionary War, but who in reality robbed both sides as opportunity offered. The word cow-boy is now used to denote a horseman of the frontier who rides after cattle.

49. **White Plains,** the scene of a battle between the English and Americans during the Revolutionary War.

travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

51. The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was ofter heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

51. **Major André.** A major in the British army, who was caught while carrying dispatches between Benedict Arnold and the British General, Sir Henry Clinton; Arnold had turned traitor to the American cause and was trying to deliver West Point, a strong American fortress on the Hudson river, to the British. André was tried by a military commission and hanged as spy. Arnold joined the British army and went to England at the close of the war, where he lived the life of an outcast and, in 1801, died the miserable death of a traitor.

52. The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

53. This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight

trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

54. All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

55. The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away,— and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen. O these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her

conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

56. It was the very witching-time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

57. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving

clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

58. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

59. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for

a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

60. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true; but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not,

60. **"Sensitive ear."** Ichabod's hearing was unusually keen as he was listening to his uttermost in order to catch the first sound of an approaching ghost or goblin.

but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

61. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

62. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was

something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

63. They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

64. As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the

neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind,—for it was his Sunday saddle;—but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

65. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him: he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

66. The next morning the old horse was found, without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly

cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner-hour came; but no Ichabod! The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

67. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm-tunes full of dog's ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the

67. **Two shirts and a half.** Formerly it was customary to have shirt bosoms made separate from the remainder of the garment in order that they might be transferred from one shirt to another and thus save expense. Ichabod's half-shirt was simply a detachable bosom.

67. **Two stocks, etc.** Stocks were broad stiffened bands, as of cambric, silk, or leather, worn as a cravat. Ichabod's were most likely of cambric.

67. **Dog's-ears.** Leaves of a book turned down at the corner to mark special or favorite pieces.

community; excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of fools-cap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed—and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before—he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

68. The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symtoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

69. It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received,

69. **Ten-pound Court.** A court having charge of cases involving not more than ten pounds or fifty dollars.

brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; and he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

70. The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story, often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

71. The preceding tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper and salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather a severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds,—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other a-kimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?

72. The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove: —

"That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures,—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

"That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

"Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state."

73. The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism: while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant,—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

"Faith, sir," replied the story-teller, "as to that matter, I don't believe one half of it myself."

Words from Legend of Sleepy Hollow to be looked up in the dictionary. Be sure to find the meaning of the word as used by Irving.

Par. 1. Spacious, coves, indent, expansion, denominated, ancient, navigators, prudently, implored, protection, rural, generally, properly, housewives, adjacent, inveterate, propensity, tavern, market-days, vouch, merely, advert, precise, authentic, murmur, lull, repose, occasional, uniform, tranquillity.

Par. 2. Stripling, exploit, wandered, peculiarly, prolonged, reverberated, echoes, retreat, distraction, remnant, promising.

Par. 3. Listless, repose, character, inhabitants, descendants, original, settlers, sequestered, glen, rustic, throughout, drowsy, dreamy, influence, pervade, atmosphere, bewitched, settlement, prophet, wizard, tribe, powwows, continuous, witching, spell, reverie, marvellous, beliefs, subjects, trances, visions, frequently, abounds, local, haunted, superstitions, meteors, nightmare, favorite, scene, gambols.

Par. 4. Dominant, spirit, enchanted, region, commander-in-

chief, apparitions, ghost, troopers, gloom, haunts, confined, extend, especially, vicinity, historians, collating, concerning, spectre, allege, churchyard, quest.

Par. 5. Purport, legendary, materials.

Par. 6. Remarkable, visionary, mentioned, unconsciously, imbibed, resided, inhale, influence, imagination.

Par. 7. Peaceful, laud, retired, embosomed, population, manners, customs, fixed, torrent, migration, improvement, incessant, restless, unobserved, rapid, anchor, revolving, mimic, undisturbed, current, elapsed, trod, vegetating, sheltered.

Par. 8. By-place, abode, remote, period, worthy, wight, sojourned, expressed, tarried, instructing, supplies, pioneers, legions, frontier, woodmen, cognomen, inapplicable, exceedingly, dangled, served, snipe, weathercock, perched, spindle, striding, profile, bagging, fluttering, mistaken, genius, famine, scarecrow, eloped.

Par. 9. Building, rudely, constructed, patched, ingeniously, secure, vacant, withe, window-shutters, perfect, embarrassment, idea, probably, architect, mystery, eel-pot, situation, woody, formidable, hence, conning, interrupted, authoritative, menace, peradventure, appalling, urged, loiterer, flowery, knowledge, truth, conscientious, bore.

Par. 10. Imagined, cruel, potentates, smart, contrary, administered, discrimination, severity, burthen (sp), mere, puny, winced, flourish, indulgence, satisfied, inflicting, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted, urchin, sulked, swelled, dogged, sullen, chastisement, assurance, consolatory.

Par. 11. Companion, playmate, holiday, convoy, behooved, revenue, sufficient, furnish, feeder, dilating, swains, inferior, anaconda, maintenance, successively, effects.

Par. 12. Onerous, rustic, patrons, grievous, drones, various, rendering, occasionally, dominant, dignity, absolute, empire, ingratiating, whilom, magnanimously.

Par. 13. Vocations, shillings, psalmody, vanity, station, gallery, palm, parson, resounded, congregation, quavers, opposite, legitimately, divers, makeshifts, denominated, pedagogue, tolerably, headwork.

Par. 14. Importance, rural, personage, superior, accomplishments, swains, inferior, supernumerary, sweetmeats, peradventure, parade, damsels, epitaphs, tombstones, bevy, bumpkins, envying, elegance, address.

Par. 15. Gazette, budget, gossip, greeted, esteemed, erudition, potently.

Par. 16. Odd, shrewdness, credulity, appetite, digesting, extraordinary, residence, spell-bound, gross, monstrous, bordering, con, wended, swamp, woodland, quartered, witching, fluttered, boding, tree-toad, harbinger, hooting, rustling, thicket, fireflies, vividly, huge, blockhead, beetle, varlet, token, resource, drown, evil, nasal, melody, linked, dusky.

Par. 17. Source, spinning, goblins, anecdotes, witchcraft, direful, omens, portentious, prevailed, speculation, comets, alarming, topsy-turvy.

Par. 18. Snugly, cuddling, ruddy, purchased, terrors, subsequent, homewards, shapes, shadows, beset, shrink, curdling, crust, dread, uncouth, being, dismay, blast, idea, scourings.

Par. 19. Phantoms, Satan, perambulations, despite, perplexity, mortal.

Par. 20. Musical, disciples, assembled, substantial, blooming, lass, partridge, universally, famed, withal, coquette, perceived, suited, ornaments, tempting, provokingly, display.

Par. 21. Morsel, especially, paternal, mansion, thriving, contented, seldom, boundaries, satisfied, piqued, style, stronghold, sheltered, fertile, nooks, nestling, dwarf, crevice, forth, treasures, resounding, martins, weather, cooing, sleek, unwieldly, porkers, repose, sallied, snuff, squadron, adjoining, fleets, regiments, guinea-fowls, fretting, peevish, strutted, gallant, pattern, warrior, burnished, earth.

Par. 22. Sumptuous, luxurious, fare, devouring, coverlet, pairing, cosily, decent, competency, carved, future, juicy, relishing, daintily, trussed, gizzard, necklace, savory, chanticleer, craving, quarter, chivalrous, disdained.

Par. 23. Enraptured, fancied, meadow-lands, tenement, yearned, damsel, inherit, domains, invested, tracts, wild, shingle, wilderness, mounted, household, trumpery, beheld, bestriding, pacing.

Par. 24. Conquest, high-ridged, projecting, piazza, capable, various, utensils, husbandry, spinning-wheel, important, devoted, resplendent, dresser, loom, festoons, gaud, claw-footed, mahogany, mirrors, andirons, tongs, coverts, asparagus, mock oranges, conch-shells, decorated, mantel-piece, suspended, ostrich, displayed, well-mended.

Par. 25. Study, affections, peerless, enterprise, difficulties, yore, giants, enchanters, fiery, dragons, conquered, adversaries, contend, adamant, confined, achieved, labyrinth, whims, caprices, impediments, encounter, host, portal, competitor.

Par. 26. Burly, roistering, according, abbreviation, hero, feats, hardihood, bluff, countenance, mingled, air, arrogance, nickname, skill, horsemanship, dextrous, foremost, ascendency, bodily, acquires, umpire, decisions, admitting, gainsay, appeal, frolic, composition, overbearing, dash, waggish, boon, regarded, model, attending, feud, merriment, distinguished, flaunting, descried, crest, whisking, squad, squall, crew, dames, gang, prank, brawl, warranted.

Par. 27. Rantipole, singled, amorous, toyings, endearments, discourage, advances, signals, candidates, inclination, amours, insomuch, paling, suitors.

Par. 28. Contend, considering, shrunk, competition, pliability, perseverance, yielding, pressure, erect.

Par. 29. Field, thwarted, insinuating, apprehend, meddlesome, interference, indulgent, reasonable, excellent, notable, manage, sagely, bustled, achievements, armed, valiantly, pinnacle, favorable, eloquence.

Par. 30. Profess, riddle, vulnerable, access, avenues, captured, triumph, former, proof, possession, fortress, entitled, renown, undisputed, sway, interests, evidently, gradually, preceptor.

Par. 31. Degree, fain, warfare, pretentious, mode, concise, overheard, wary, opportunity, pacific, alternative, waggery, whimsical, harried, hitherto, annoying, ridicule, presence, scoundrel, ludicrous, introduced.

Par. 32. Producing, relative, pensive, enthroned, concerns, literary, realm, ferule, scepter, despotic, constant, apparently, inflicted, intent, resigned, fragment, invitation, delivered, message, effort, petty, embassies.

Par. 33. Impunity, legion, imps, emancipation.

Par. 34. Furbishing, cavalier, domiciliated, choleric, issued, quest, meet, romantic, equipments, bestrode, viciousness, gaunt, ewe, pupil, genuine, favorite, furious, infused, lurking.

Par. 35. Suitable, pommel, perpendicularly, scanty, shambled.

Par. 36. Serene, livery, associate, sober, brilliant, files, intervals.

Par. 37. Banquets, frolicking, capricious, profusion, variety, querulous, sable, gorget, splendid, plumage, coxcomb, pretending, grove.

Par. 38. Symptom, culinary, oppressive, opulence, cider press, ample, fragrant, odor, anticipations, dainty garnished treacle.

Par. 39. Journeyed, goodliest, disk, motionless, undulation, prolonged, amber, horizon, tint, mid-heaven, lingered, precipices, uselessly, mast, reflection.

Par. 40. Castle, spare, homespun, magnificent, withered, crimped, buxom, antiquated, ribband (sp), innovation, stupendous, queued, eel-skin, potent, nourisher.

Par. 41. Creature, preferring, risk, tractable, unworthy.

Par. 42. Fain, pause, dwell, sumptuous, indescribable, experienced, doughty, koek, cruller, delectable, enumerated, discuss, deserves, eager, historian.

Par. 43. Dilated, proportion, niggardly, patron, comrade.

Par. 44. Guests, hospitable, brief, expressive.

Par. 45. Summoned, musician, century, instrument.

Par. 46. Vocal, fiber, figuring, admiration, pyramid, ivory, animated, partner, graciously, ogling, sorely, smitten, jealousy, brooding,

Par. 47. Attracted, sager, gossiping.

Par. 48. Chronicle, marauding, infested, refugees, border, chivalry, elapsed, fiction, indistinctness, exploit.

Par. 49. Frigate, nine-pounder, breastwork, discharge, defence, parried, hilt, persuaded, termination.

Par. 50. Legendary, superstitions, thrive, sheltered, retreats, shifting, surviving, communities.

Par. 51. Prevalence, supernatural, contagion, infecting, doling, dismal, wailings, perished, patrolling, tethered.

Par. 52. Sequestered, modestly, purity, dell, raves, heretical, foray, obliged, skeleton.

Par. 53. Matched, arrant, jockey, affirmed, vanished.

Par. 54. Countenance, casual, extract, author, native.

Par. 55. Revel, pillions, echoed, tête-à-tête, heiress, interview, interval, desolate, chop-fallen, sham, surface, gloated, timothy.

Par. 56. Crest-fallen, indistinct, anchor, vague, accidentally, melancholy, guttural, twang, marsh.

Par. 57. Enormous, towered, gnarled, fantastic, ordinary, tragical, sympathy, ill-starred, namesake, lamentations.

Par. 58. Ceased, scathed, perils.

Par. 59. Cavernous, gloom, severest, identical, sturdy, yeoman.

Par. 60. Resolution, perverse, lateral, broadside, lustily, starveling, margin, misshapen, gigantic, monster.

Par. 61. Affrighted, demanded, accents, agitated, inflexible, involuntary, fervor, ascertained, dimensions, molestations, sociability, aloof, waywardness.

Par. 62. Relish, endeavored, resume, clave, stave, moody, pertinacious, relief, muffled, horror-struck, desperation, flimsy.

Par. 63. Demon, famous.

Par. 64. Panic, advantage, chase, girths, pursuer, haunches, ado, verily, cleave, asunder.

Par. 65. Wavering, dimly, convulsive, brimstone, missile, cranium, tremendous, whirlwind.

Par. 66. Soberly, strolled, uneasiness, fate, diligent, investigation, traces, dented.

Par. 67. Executor, estate, examined, worldly, effects, corduroy, excepting, almanac, fruitless, poetic, scrawl, consigned, possessed.

Par. 68. Event, budget, diligently, compared, conclusion, bachelor, stead.

Par. 69. Intelligence, mortification, politician, electioneered, conducted, triumph, exceedingly, related, suspect.

Par. 70. Spirited, altered, deserted, solitudes.

Par. 71. Preceding, precise, sagest, illustrious, narrator, humorous, concluded, approbation, beetling, grave, doubt, mirth, subsided, contraction.

Par. 72. Refreshment, toils, infinite, deference, logically, preferment.

Par. 73. Ratiocination, syllogism, leer, extravagant.

QUESTIONS ON THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

1. Describe the Hudson River. When and by whom discovered? How large is Tappan Zee? (4 miles wide by 10 miles long.) What is the name of the market town? By what other name is it known? Why so called, and by whom? What is it now called? (Irvington.) How far is Tarry Town from Sleepy Hollow? From New York? (27 miles.) Who was St. Nicholas?

2. Did Irving ever realize the wish expressed in lines 29-30-31 and 32?

3. Why is this glen called Sleepy Hollow? What are the boys called? Explain lines 40-41. What "holds a spell over the minds of the good people?" Effect of this upon the inhabitants? Mention some things to show that the people are superstitious. Compare the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow with your own townsmen.

4. What is the dominant spirit that haunts this enchanted region? Who were the Hessians?

6. What is the result of a long sojourn in Sleepy Hollow?

7. In what respect is Sleepy Hollow different from other small towns in New York? Explain lines 103-104-105. Why is the word "vegetating," line 105, especially apt?

8. Why does the author speak of "remote period" in American history? Memorize the description of Ichabod, lines 116-123.

9. Compare the schoolhouse with those of the present time. About how old was Ichabod at the time he was in Sleepy Hollow? Are his pupils spoiled? Give reasons for your answer.

10. How does Ichabod administer justice? Point out the consolation offered the smarting urchin in lines 166-167. Do you think the "consolation" is consoling?

11. Was Ichabod's wardrobe extensive? Give reasons for your answer.

12. Give two sources from which Ichabod's living is obtained.

How does he find favor with his patrons? (Lines 189-200.) Name one accomplishment upon which he prides himself.

13. From whom does Ichabod "carry away the palm?" What is meant by "hook and by crook?" What may still be heard in the church on a still Sunday morning which remind the people of Ichabod? Were Ichabod's services fully appreciated by the people of Sleepy Hollow?

14. By whom is a schoolmaster usually considered a man of some importance in a rural neighborhood? Why? How does Ichabod amuse the "country damsels?"

15. Who is the "travelling gazette?" Why is Ichabod considered a man of great erudition? Would he be so considered now? Who was Cotton Mather? Tell the story of the New England witchcraft.

16. What has been increased by Ichabod's residence in this "spellbound region?" When is the "witching hour?" Explain "Fluttered his imagination," lines 261-262. What had excited his imagination? What often startled him? What would he do to keep up his courage at such times?

17. Why "fearful pleasure," in line 279? How would the Dutch wives entertain Ichabod? How would he entertain them?

18. Describe Ichabod's feelings as he goes home after an evening spent in this way. Why "sheeted spectre," line 305-306.

19. What put an end to all these evils? Discuss Irving's estimate of "woman," as given in lines 314-324.

20. Who was Katrina Van Tassel? Describe her. Memorize lines 328-332. How does Ichabod become acquainted with Katrina? How does he regard her?

21. Describe Katrina's father. Give his leading characteristics. Describe the Van Tassel home. Give some of Ichabod's "air castles."

22. Why does Ichabod's mouth "water" as he views the surroundings? Explain "mind's eye," line 388.

23. Explain lines 417-419.

24. Describe the Van Tassel house.

25. What was Ichabod's study? (line 452.) Does he yearn more for Katrina or for her prospects? What difficulties does he encounter in wooing Katrina?

26. Who is his most dangerous rival? Describe Brom Bones.

Why is he a leader among the boys of Sleepy Hollow? Explain, "herculean frame." Tartars. Don Cossacks. Compare Brom with Ichabod. Which one do you admire most? Why?

27. What is meant by "carrying the war into other quarters?"

28. What new insight is given into Ichabod's character in lines 527-533? Do you think these qualities add strength to a character?

29. Who was Achilles? How does Ichabod make his advances to Katrina? In what way does he have the advantage of Brom Bones? In what way does Brom have the advantage of him? For what person and what object does Van Tassel particularly care? Which does he prefer? What is your opinion of Mrs. Van Tassel?

30. What caused the deadly feud to arise between Ichabod and Brom?

31. What was Brom's boast? What name is applied to Brom's associates? How does Brom persecute Ichabod? Is "whom" properly used in line 604?

32. What is meant by Ichabod's "literary realm," line 612? "Birch justice," line 613? Why is the schoolroom painfully quiet when the messenger boy arrives with the invitation to Ichabod? (line 630).

33. What effect does the invitation have upon Ichabod? upon the pupils?

34. How does Ichabod prepare for the party? Who is Van Ripper? Describe Gunpowder.

35. Describe Ichabod's appearance as he leaves Van Ripper's. Why does he ride on horseback on this particular evening? Notice the beautiful description in lines 691-701.

37. Explain line 702. Name all the birds mentioned in lines 702-717 and give a qualifying expression for each.

38. Give in your own language the scenes in lines 721-735.

39. What are "sugared suppositions," line 737?

40. Whom does Ichabod meet at Van Tassel's? Describe the farmers; the women; the lasses.

41. Who is the hero of the scene? Describe Daredevil.

42. What is the "world of charms" for Ichabod? Describe it. Contrast the author's description and Ichabod's manner.

43. How do Ichabod's spirits rise? What are his thoughts

while seated at the table? Describe his actions. What characteristic here shown?

44. How does Van Tassel display his hospitality?

45. Describe the musician as he is playing. Why called "itinerant orchestra?"

46. Upon what does Ichabod pride himself? Describe him as he appears to you while dancing. Who is meant by the "flogger of urchins?" How does Brom Bones pass the evening?

47. Where does Ichabod go after he quits dancing?

48. What made this neighborhood especially interesting at this particular time?

49. What is the character of the first stories told? What is the nature of the other anecdotes?

50. Where do superstitions thrive best? Why?

51. What was the immediate cause of supernatural stories on this occasion? Mention some stories told. Who was Major André? What is the chief story told?

52. Why is the church a favorite haunt for troubled spirits? Describe the church surroundings. Give Brouwer's experience

53. How is this story matched? Tell Brom's story. Why is this the last story told?

54. What effect do all these stories have upon Ichabod? How does he repay the story tellers?

55. Describe the home going. Who lingers? Why? What causes Ichabod's sudden departure? What is your opinion of Katrina now?

58. How does Ichabod try to drive unpleasant thoughts away? Trace each stage of Ichabod's feelings from the time he begins to whistle, line 1036, until the "shadowy object" leaps into the middle of the road, line 1097.

61. Why does Gunpowder become quiet?

62, 63. Whom does Ichabod take the stranger to be? Why does not Ichabod sing at this time to keep up his courage? How does he try to avoid the stranger? What is there "mysterious and appalling" about the stranger? What does Ichabod do when he discovers the cause of it?

64, 65. Describe the race. Why does Ichabod think he will be safe if he can reach the bridge? What happens when he does reach the bridge?

66, 67. Where is Gunpowder found the next morning? Who

becomes uneasy? Why? What is the result of the inquiry? Who is appointed executor? What is Ichabod's estate? What is done with his belongings? How does Van Ripper regard public schools?

68. Where do they discuss the sudden disappearance of Ichabod? Why does no one trouble himself over it?

69. What accounts are brought from New York about Ichabod? Give all the reasons you can for Ichabod's departure. What is Brom's reward? Why does he enjoy the story of the pumpkin?

70. What do the "old country wives" maintain? How is the bridge regarded? What became of the old schoolhouse? What do the ploughboys sometimes imagine? Who is your favorite character in the story?

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

" By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre."

—CARTWRIGHT.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in legendary lore, so valuable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it can not do much

harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby in his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-makers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Ann's Farthing.]

1. Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

2. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of

the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

3. In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial spirit of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience

2. **Peter Stuyvesant** (stī'vę sant), the last Dutch governor of New York.

3. **Fort Christina.** A Swedish settlement on the Delaware river which was captured by the English under Stuyvesant.

3. **Curtain lecture.** A sound scolding given a husband by his wife when no one else is present. It originally meant a lecture given when safely behind the bed curtains.

and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

4. Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

5. The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverence; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to em-

5. **Tartar's lance.** A long, heavy shaft with a spear-head used to fight with by the Tartars.

ploy him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

6. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country: everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

7. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

8. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect

7. **Galligaskins.** Very loose trousers.

contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house,—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

9. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

10. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the

sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

11. The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid

10. **His Majesty George the Third**, King of England, during the Revolutionary War.

clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

12. From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

13. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

14. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him,

moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

15. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

16. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

17. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was

a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

18. On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, out-

landish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

19. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

20. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed

the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

21. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

22. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes,—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

23. He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or

23. **Fowling-piece,** a light shotgun for bird shooting. Firelock, an old-style gun.

partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

24. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

25. At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was

passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

26. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

27. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard, The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been; Rip

was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

28. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

29. He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears,—he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

30. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on

30. **A tall naked pole.** At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Americans erected tall poles called liberty poles. A red cap was placed upon the top of the pole to indicate freedom. The poles were also used as flagpoles.

which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

31. There was, as usual, a crown of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

32. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared

31. **Babylonish.** Confused; like the confusion of languages at the Tower of Babel.

in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

33. Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

32. **Whether he was a Federal or a Democrat.** They wished to know to which political party he belonged.

33. **"A tory!" a tory!"** A tory was one who lived in the colonies and belonged to the colonists but who supported the cause of England in the Revolutionary war. The colonists hated such persons worse than they did the English soldiers.

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

34. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

35. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus left alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress —Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"O, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "O, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

36. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as

34. **Stony Point.** A strong fortress captured from the English by the Americans during the Revolutionary War after one of the most brilliant charges in military history. The Americans were led by General Anthony Wayne.

lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

37. The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

38. Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

39. There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

40. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

41. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

42. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at

once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

43. To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

44. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

45. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived

42. **Half-moon.** The name of the ship in which Hendrick Hudson sailed while conducting his explorations.

at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

46. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full

credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-
storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but
they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their
game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-
pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs
heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting
draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:—

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject, taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:—

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds

L. of C.

over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light-summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the garden rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it; but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the

Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

List of words from Rip Van Winkle to be looked up in dictionary. Be sure to find the meaning of the word as used in the text.

Par. 1. Dismembered, magical, barometers, vapors.

Par. 2. Voyagers, descried, antiquity, original, latticed, gable, surmounted.

Par. 3. Precise, descendant, chivalrous, material, ancestors, sample, obedient, universal, popularity, obsequious, conciliating, discipline, shrews, pliant, malleable, tribulation, termagant, tolerable.

Par. 4. Amiable, troop, impunity.

Par. 5. Composition, insuperable, aversion, profitable, assiduity, perseverance, toil, errands.

Par. 6. Pestilent, astray, patrimonial, conditional.

Par. 7. Urchin, inherent, equipped.

Par. 8. Contentment, incessantly, torrent, provoked.

Par. 9. Domestic, adherent, crest, gallows, precipitation.

Par. 10. Matrimony, console, frequenting, perpetual, sages, philosophers, personages, designated, rubicund, listlessly, profound, discussions, solemnly, dapper, daunted, gigantic, deliberate.

Par. 11. Patriarch, sufficiently, accurately, vehemently, inhale, emit, placid, approbation.

Par. 12. Assemblage, sacred, virigo.

Par. 13. Alternative, sympathized, persecution, wistfully, verily, reciprocated, sentiment.

Par. 14. Autumnal, unconsciously, solitudes, fatigued, herbage, precipice, majestic, reflection, lagging.

Par. 15. Fragments, impending, musing, gradually, encountering.

Par. 16. Solitary, vague, apprehension, unfrequented.

Par. 17. Singularity, antique, ample, volume, decorated, distrustful, acquaintance, complied, alacrity, mutually, relieving, apparently, transient, amphitheatre, perpendicularly, impending, former, marvelled, incomprehensible, familiarity.

Par. 18. Ninepins, doublets, jerkins, various.

Par. 19. Evidently, amusing, maintained, mysterious, melancholy, interrupted, peals.

Par. 20. Desisted, uncouth, quaffed.

Par. 21. Apprehension, subsided, ventured, beverage, flavor, draught, reiterated, overpowered, declined.

Par. 22. Occurrences.

Par. 23. Incrusted, roysters, dosed, disappeared.

Par. 24. Determined, gambol, activity, frolic, difficulty, preceding, astonishment, murmurs.

Par. 25. Impenetrable, secure, elevation, perplexities, famished, grieved, dreaded, anxiety.

Par. 26. Accustomed, invariably, recurrence, gesture, induced, involuntarily.

Par. 27. Recognized, altered, populous, misgave, addled.

Par. 28. Decay, cur.

Par. 29. Forlorn, abandoned, desolateness, connubial.

Par. 30. Yore, ruby, metamorphosed, sceptre, decorated.

Par. 31. Disputatious, phlegm, doling, handbills, haranguing, jargon, bewildered.

Par. 32. Uncouth, tavern, politicians, curiosity, orator, vacant, stupidity, comprehensive, penetrating, breed, riot, dismayed.

Par. 33. Refugee, assumed, austerity, culprit.

Par. 34. Piping, militia.

Par. 35. Enormous.

Par. 36. Counterpart, confounded, identity.

Par. 37. Significantly, suggestion, retired, precipitation, critical, comely.

Par. 38. Faltering, passion.

Par. 39. Intelligence.

Par. 40. Amazed.

Par. 41. Assemblage.

Par. 42. Opinion, historian, inhabitant, corroborated, affirmed, vigil, enterprise, guardian.

Par. 43. Concerns, ditto, evinced, hereditary, disposition.

Par. 44. Resumed, cronies.

Par. 45. Impunity, reverenced, chronicle, gossip, torpor, yoke, empires, impression, species, despotism, tyranny, resignation, fate, deliverance.

Par. 46. Recently, reality, flighty, quieting.

QUESTIONS ON RIP VAN WINKLE.

1. Locate the Kaatskill Mountains. (Notice spelling.) Of what family a member? Why and by whom regarded as barometers? Describe the appearance of the mountains "when the weather is fair and settled." Explain "fairy mountains."

2. When and by whom was the village founded? Who was Peter Stuyvesant? Describe the houses.

3. Describe Rip Van Winkle. To what does he owe his "universal popularity?" What is meant by "fiery furnace of domestic tribulations?" "Curtain lecture?" Why might Rip Van Winkle be considered thrice blessed?

4. Why was Rip a favorite with the "good wives" of the village? Why with the children?

5. What great error in Rip's composition? Mention two things which tend to show his perseverance. What characteristic is shown in lines 81-83? Is it one common to humanity?

6. Give Rip's excuse for not working on his farm. Explain "patrimonial estate."

7. Describe Rip's children. What does Rip, Jr. promise to inherit? What word in line 106 accurately describes Rip's disposition.

8. What keeps Rip from "whistling his life away in perfect contentment?" Explain "a torrent of household eloquence." How does Rip reply? Explain "henpecked husband."

9. Who is Rip's sole domestic adherent? (Notice the use of "who.") How does Dame Van Winkle regard Wolf? Compare Wolf's actions while in the house with those while outside.

10. Memorize "A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." Who is meant by his "Majesty George the Third?"

11. What is meant by the junto? Who is leader of the junto? Name one other member.

12. Who routed Rip from this august assemblage? How?

13. What is Rip's final alternative? Why is the bond of sympathy so strong between him and Wolf? Is Rip's promise to stand by Wolf of much benefit to Wolf? Why?

14, 15. Give all the reasons you can for the peculiar charm of paragraphs 14 and 15.

16. What does Rip hear as he is about to descend the moun-

tain? What effect does the call have upon Rip? Upon Wolf? What does Rip see? Why does he hasten down? What characteristic is shown in this?

17. Describe the stranger. What is he carrying? How does he make his wishes known to Rip? Where do the stranger and Rip go?

18. Whom does Rip see when they reach the end of their journey? What are the men playing? Describe their dress; visages; commander. Of what do they remind Rip?

19. What seems particularly odd to Rip? Explain "most melancholy party of pleasure."

20. How do the strangers greet Rip and his companion? What command is given? How?

21. What overcomes Rip's apprehension? Is there any characteristic here shown? What effect does the liquor have upon Rip? How long does he sleep?

22. What does Rip do on waking? What thought is uppermost in his mind?

23. What does he think has become of his gun? Of Wolf?

24. What does Rip determine to do? What seems strange to him as he descends the mountain?

25. What does Rip find when he comes to the place where the ravine had opened into the amphitheatre? Describe Rip's feelings as he turns homeward. What is his greatest grief?

26. Whom does he meet as he returns home? How do the people regard him? What repeated action of theirs finally causes him to imitate them? Why is he surprised?

27. Who are following Rip? Contrast the village now with the one Rip left. Is he certain that this is his native village? Prove by the text. Upon what does he lay the blame? Is this a characteristic?

28. Describe Rip's feelings upon approaching his own house?

29. What overcame Rip's connubial fears?

30. Where does Rip go after finding his house deserted? What does he see?

31. Contrast present inhabitants with Rip's old friends. For whom is Rip looking? Why is he confused?

32. Why does Rip attract undue attention? How do the people regard him?

33. What do the people mean by shouting, "A tory! a

tory!" What effect does this have upon the "self-important" man? Upon Rip? For whom does Rip ask?

34, 35. Explain: Stony Point, Antony's Nose, "Rip's heart died away." What causes Rip to doubt his own identity?

36, 37. Quote lines 531-536. Who arrives at the "critical moment?"

38, 39. Was it Dame Van Winkle's death or the manner of it that gave Rip a "drop of comfort?" Is there anything peculiarly fitting in the manner of her death?

40, 41, 42. Tell Peter Vanderdonk's story, what light does it throw on the scenes in the amphitheatre?

43, 44. Contrast Rip's former life with his life now.

45, 46. What effect did the change of empires have upon Rip? Name one "species of despotism" from which he was especially thankful to be relieved. What do people still say when they hear a thunder storm about the summit of the Kaatskill mountains? What is a common wish of all henpecked husbands?

What was the author's object in writing this story?

NOTE.

The idea of a twenty years' sleep was not original with Irving, but was borrowed from an old German tradition, the hero of which, Peter Klaus, is represented as a goatherd from Sittendorf, who met a party of knights playing at skittles in a dell of the Harz Mountains, and drank a miraculous draught of wine which put him to sleep for twenty years.

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